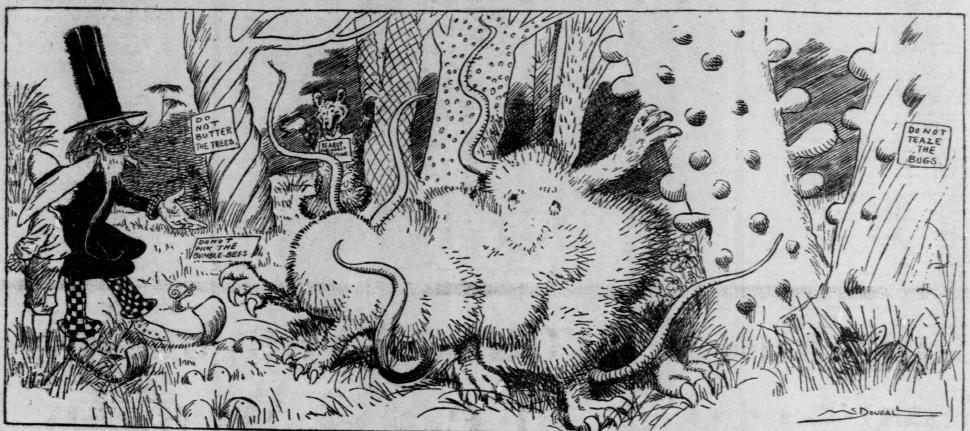
# GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN---By Walt McDougall



# SAMMY TUTEWILER FINDS THAT BEING A REAL KING IS NOT ALL ROSES

Being the True Story of How Nancy Hanks, the Good Old Fairy, Saw That One Boy Was Granted His Wish. Much to His Regret



And Now That He is a Grown Man and Works Hard He Thinks He Will Wish. Next Time, to be Just a Plain Boy Again

and lived on a farm. He rose at 4 and acted as chambermaid to a lot of mild-eyed Jersey cows, made the kitchen fire, chopped some wood, drew some water and then had breakfast.

In the summer time when there was no school he watched the cows when they were let out into a grassy pasture, pulled weeds, carried milk to some customers nearby, picked stones out of the strawberry bed, fed chickens, raked hay, dug fence posts, churned butter and picked peas until dinner time. In the afternoon he had a dozen other things to do until evening came, when he shoced the hens into the coop, fed them, milked the cows, chopped more wood and was ready to go m, milked the cows, chopped more wood and was ready to go

"I wonder that I don't have to wash the cat!" said he to himself, "or trim the goat's whiskers or something like that, so'se to keep busy a lit-

eemed to him that he never had a moment for fun, for even when he lay in the sweet-smelling grass with the bees humming overhead, the birds piping above in the green shadows and the fleecy clouds sailing along in the caim blue sky, he thought it was hard work and wished for the time when he would be a man and have nothing to do but go fishing,

it was on a balmy summer day when the air and sky were dreaming in a sleepy fashion, when the sunlight seemed scented with the perfumes of poppies, and even the birds and butterfiles dozed, that Sammy lay beside the brook in the pasture. He had watched the cows until they moved under some trees and sank down into the tail grass, and then as he found the sun creeping around into his shaded retreat he was obliged to move also. He rose lazily and walked along beside the high stone wall toward the corner of the pasture. As he went he noticed a slightly worn pathway which he was sure he had never seen before, familiar as he was with that field. He followed it curjously. Sometimes it was faint and almost invisible; again it was plain and marked as by many feet. It led to the end of the pasture, as he could see, but he knew that it could not cross the fence there, and expected to follow it along the end wall, but when he came to the other end he was astonished to see a small wooden door in the wall. There the path ended.

Now, often as he had been in that pasture since he was a small boy he

Now, often as he had been in that pasture since he was a small boy he had never before observed that doorway. It certainly must have been made within a few days, yet it looked as old and worn as the stone went itself, and cobwebs were laced across it that showed they had been there many days. So mysterious and uncanny did it seem that instead of reaching out his hand and trying to open the door he hesitated, and then he softly rapped upon the time-stained wood.

### FUNNY LITTLE WOMAN PEEPED OUT

Hardly had the echo of his knock ceased when the little door opened and a funny old woman in a green sunbonnet peeped out and smiled at him comically. Beyond her through the open door he saw only another

"Good morning," said the old woman; "and what do you wish

"I-I was curious about this door. I've never seen it before, although I have been in this pasture every day for years," said Sammy. "What is

"It's the opening into the wishing-garden," she replied; "will you step in?" Sammy hesitated, for he had heard of such things, and was somewhat doubtful as to where they led one to. However, she looked so smiling that he felt she was harmless. He entered the gateway and the door was closed. The garden, as she called it, seemed in nowise different from any other field; in fact, it seemed rather more weedy, he thought,

"You are not the first," said the little old woman, "who has seen that door, but you are the first for more than a century who has passed its portals, for, instead of trying to push it open as all others have ere polite enough to knock for admittance, and that's what I've been

"Thank you," replied Sammy. "Now what do you do here, may

"I am the fairy Nancy Hanks. You may think that's a funny name for a fairy, but I am a plain country fairy and have a plain name. I will grant you any wish you may ask me because I am so glad to meet a really polite boy in these rude times."

"Well," said Sammy; "I was just wishing, as I lay there in the grass,

that I was a king, and I guess that'll be good enough for me. Nancy Hanks smiled, but, while smiling, she shook her head somewhat doubtfully as if she questioned the wisdom of his wish. "Go and lie down again in the shade and I'll see about it," she said. Then she or and Sammy stepped out. He sought a shady spot again, and began to think over this strange episode. Soon he fell asleep, but ing something awoke him and he sat up.

He found himself in a most gorgeous bed of ivery and gold and sur-rounded by magnificently dressed gentlemen, all of whom were holding in their hands parts of splendid clothing, all of satin, velvet and lace. with diamonds and rubies sewed all over them.

"Will your gracious Majesty be pleased to arise?" said the most gorgeous of them all, as he stepped to the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked Sammy.
"Your Majesty is confused with the sudden awakening," replied the glittering creature. "Your Majesty is in bed, of course.
"Th," said Sammy, "the fairy has made good. I am a king. Gee!

### SAMMY WAS NOT AT ALL SURPRISED

Sammy was not at all surprised, of course, for he believed in fairles, and so he was prepared for anything. He hopped out of bed and was about to pull off the nightgown of satin that he wore, but another man, as splendid as the others, cried out:

"Oh, my duty, your Majesty! you forget my honorable task

"Oh, I forgot," said Sammy, and sat still.

Then one came with the royal diamond-studded shirt, another with his stockings, all ruby-starred, and then his pantles and coat. Each one had to be put on with great ceremony by the proper official, and it took them about an hour and a half to wash and dress Sammy, who himself never took more than four minutes at the job any time. He was getting pretty tired of it when suddenly another glittering gentleman entered and

"What will your Majesty have for breakfast?" All the royal dressers, buttoners, washers, combers and clothes holders stood aside, for this was the Gentleman of the Dining-room. Sammy said: "I'll take some pickles, some turkey, some ham and eggs and some fried cakes."

tleman of the Dining-room looked startled, and then cried: "Is your Majesty jesting? Such things are not for royal-ty. That is food for the laboring classes!"
"Well, what have you got?" asked Sammy.
"Some nightingale's tongues, the wings of birds of paradise on toast, and cream of cows fed on orange blossoms."

"Very well, I'll take that," said Sammy. But he did wish it were ham and eggs when he sat down, all alone, at the great table covered with crimeson velvet and with dozens of solid gold dishes all around him. The room was filled with silent gentlemen all gazing solemnly at him as if to anticipate each wish, and he was not allowed to reach for anything before him, his crown weighed like a ton of lead on his forehead, and everything was so solemn and precise that he soon grew tired enough. Nobody spoke, for that would have been improper unless Sammy spoke first, and as he was afraid of making some blunder he didn't open his mouth. It was still yery early in the morning, as he saw by the great clock of pearls and gold that faced him. He turned to one of the gentlemen near him and laying aside the gem-embroidered napkin asked if they always had breakfast so early.

"Your Majesty forgets that to-day we review the Royal Flintlock

"Your Majesty forgets that to-day we review the Royal Flintlock Fusiliers," replied the gentleman-in-waiting.
"Ah, then I shall ride a horse!" cried Sammy. "Heavens, no!" cried the Master of the Stables. "There isn't a horse

that I dare trust you on." "No, your Majesty must go in the coach for reasons of state that I cannot here mention," added the Prime Minister gravely.

#### PLACED IN A GIGANTIC COACH

Just then the Lord Physician to his Majesty felt his pulse and stated that he had eaten enough, and he was politely ushered from the table, although he had scarcely begun to make a meal. This made the Boy King sore, but as he was about to assert himself he caught such a fierce and chilling look from the Lord Chamberlain that he kept stient. He was placed in a gigantic gilded coach, the windows of which were so high that unless he stood on tiptoe he could see nothing, and with a glittering cavalcade of officers following on horseback, set off for the annual review of the Royal Flintlock Fusiliers. The coach was drawn to the top of a hill and stopped while all the generals and other officers gathered close about it so that the king saw nothing but several clouds of dust. Then they all galloped swiftly back to court, where another jeweled suit of clothes was put on King Sammy, and he had to go and stand on a marble platform and listen to long speeches in Greek and Latin, after which he had to present a pile of diplomas to a lot of longhaired scientists who wrote about bugs.
"I think I'll go out and take a walk," said Sammy after this was over.
All the courtiers looked shocked.

"It would be very unwise, as well as very bad form, your Majesty." if the Duke of Okipokworth, as he nervously fumbled with his great star of office. "Suppose you should be seen! The mob might attack you, for no monarch ever walks."

"Hasn't my royal face been seen?" asked Sammy.

many Anarchists about now," replied the Officer of the Wand. "Give me a good revolver and I will tackle any Anarchist around

Everybody shuddered at the thought. "Your Majesty is joking!" cried We do not dare to take such risks! can find Anarchists anywhere, but how can we replace our ki No, remain within and attend to your royal duties. We now have the meeting of the council to attend."

They hustled Sammy away to another grand room, the Council namber, where for three hours they read reports to him regarding matters in the kingdom, such as the state of the bes-keeping industry, the epidemic among Angora goats, the 17-year-old locust, the servant girl problem, and a lot of things like that, until poor Sammy actually wished that he were back in school again, so dreadfully tiresome it all was. When the council was over Sammy exclaimed, "I've a good mind to slide down the banisters to loosen my legs."

## HE PLAYED JACKSTONES UNTIL EVENING

"Horrors: No. If the king unbends what will the people do? The whole country will rise in revolt if you should do a thing so undignified. Follow us to your private apartment, where there are other duties for you," they said, as they gathered around. Then to another grand room, all turquoise and silver, he was conducted, where he signed "SAMMY HIrd" to many important state papers that he knew nothing at all about until he was tired.

"I think I'd like to go to a ball game," he said, when a rest and some amusement were suggested.

"Alas, no, your Majesty! It is unwise, as well as unsafe, and very vulgar. We had better remain in here and play Jackstones."

Sammy was disgusted, but he saw no way of escaping from his Ministers of State, and so he played jackstones until evening, when he was

ded by the Royal Bandmaster, who asked him to select the dances for the Grand Ball that evening. It just made Sammy sick to have to oother about things he knew nothing about, and yet when he suggested "Copenhagen," "Pillows-and-Keys," "Post Office," and some other pleasant little recreations common to his own experience, all the office the ball snorted in protest.

"What? Kiss at the royal ball! Kissing games! Oh, your Majesty is trifling with this solemn affair! Let us hope the reporters haven't overmy, much disgusted, walked to the window, and as he reached it

a shot was heard, a bullet crashed through the glass and smash for on the wall behind him. The guards outside captured the man who had fired at the king and he was hauled into the palace. Why do you want to soak me?" asked Sammy; "I never did you any

"IT IS THE MANAYUNK"

You are king and I am an Anarchist," growled the man savagely.

"What is an Anarchist?" asked Sammy.
"We are opposed to everything," replied the assassin. "We want to solish everything from kings to elevator boys—that is, everything expositions are all the control of the control cept breweries. That's our creed and we don't care who knows it either."

A paper was placed in Sammy's hand by the Lord Chancellor. He looked at it and saw that it had a great skull-and-cross-bones at the top. It was the death sentence of the Anarchist. "Sign it and we will execute him at once," said the Chancellor with

"I can't," said Sammy. "There's no use talkin'; I can't do it!"
"You must," said the Chancellor, threateningly.
"Who's king here, you or I?" asked Sammy, angrily. "I'll discharge whole lot of you-

Instantly all of the noblemen grabbed the boy by the arms and legs and ran him out of the room into a smaller apartment, where the Lord Chief Justice said: "Do you think we let you be king to boss us, the grandees of the realm?"

"I thought the king was boss," said Sammy, humbly, as he thought how many kings had had their heads cut off.

"Not much," replied the courtiers; "you're only a figurehead. We are

the real thing."

"Then do your own bossing; I'm through!" cried Sammy, and he suddenly jumped out of the window and ran for the palace gates. They all put after him, and he was certain that they would recapture him, but as he ran he saw before him the little doorway of the fairy Nancy Hanks. and somehow he was relieved. The door opened when he got to it and he sprang in. The next moment he found himself in the old pasture with the cows all peacefully grazing in the sunlight.

"You are all out of breath," said the fairy, appearing again beside a; "how did you like being king?"

"It's enough to take the breath away," replied Sammy, panting.
"They wanted me to kill a feller."
"That's part of the king business," said the fairy. "If he doesn't

kill a few people occasionally they might kill him. What will you try

### A VALLEY FILLED WITH MARVELS

"Well, I made a mistake that time, and I've got good and fired of rules and regulations, too, by it. I'd like to go somewhere where there

"Step in," laughed Nancy Hanks, and in Sammy sprang, to find himself looking down a valley filled with all sorts of wonders. An aged man came to him with a vacuous smile, saying, with a deep bow, "Mr. Ymmas, I believe."

"My name's Sammy," replied the boy.

handed Sammy what seemed to be a large, red popcorn ball, but as he took it the thing swelled up to the size of a barrel and then dropped to pleces slowly. "I am the professional guide in Woozyland," said the old man, "but as I am not allowed to listen. I'll just leave my ears here or this stump." He placed them on the stump and a woodpec.er ran out and gobbled them up in a twinkling.

"Ha, there they go!" he chuckled. "The things here will get all I have e porcupine ate my whiskers last week and the molecule, who is the half-sister to the mole, borrowed my kneepans to bake bread it hasn't returned them. But let us be merry. It can't last long." H Sammy along the path toward a ferny grove.

"What's all that noise?" asked the curious boy as he listen "It's the anvil plants at work. They are making rivets for the cow-

slips so that they won't slip any more, thank goodness."

Sure enough when they reached the grove there were immense floral anvils banging away industriously and heating the rivets in a bed of fire flies on the ground. All around were wonders in the plant line. Four o'clocks, unlike the regular flowers of that name, grew with dials and hands like real 80-cent clocks, and now and then a lot of them would set off their alarms all together with an awful din; flowers with bells, whole chimes of them, grew there and tinkled with every breath of air; flowers that went off at regular intervals like Roman candles and spattered fire all over the grass; trees that bore fruit in the shape of app pears and plums, but made of hard wood, while the bark was like fruit. Nothing was really what it seemed. The water in the brook that looked so tempting was solid glass, but when in disgust Sammy sat down on a rock the stone splashed up and flowed away like water, leaving him

### SOME WONDERS IN THE PLANT LINE

"Well, this certainly is Woozyland, all right!" he exclaimed as he rose. "It's a dear old place," said the guide. "Let us mosey along and see the sights before they fade.'

The old man gathered up some deep-green eggs as he spoke and put them in his pockets. "We will see what they come to," said he.

"Why? What's peculiar about them?" asked Sammy. 'Oh, they are liable to hatch out anything in a few minutes. Anything from a book of trolley car tickets to a live walrus. They are regumystery eggs, I assure you."

They strolled along. Sammy missing nothing about him. "What are these plants?" he asked, after awhile, stopping before a funny clump of shrubbery that blazed and crackled.

"That's the electric light-plant," said the aged guide.
"Oh, I have often heard of it," said Sammy; "it raises currents. "Will you have some natural hoki-poki?" asked the old man as he reached into another bush and picked what looked like a snow-ball. Certainly," replied Sammy, putting out his hand, but before he

take the hoki-poki it blazed up in a flame a yard high, and he shrank back in alarm. "They are too ripe, I fear. We came too late," said the guide sadiy, and he wiped his eyes on his coat tails. "I have never been in time to eat one yet." "I guess they are not meant to eat. I would try one of those things on the ground there that look like lumps of clay," said Sammy. "Perhaps they are eatable, for everything here seems to go by contraries." "I have been disappointed too many times," said the old man, weeping bitterly. Sammy picked up one of the lumps, found it sets and indicate the contraction. found it soft and yielding, and on breaking it open found it full of marsh mallow. As he was eating it the old man began to dance wildly up and down on the path in evident pain, clawing at his sleeves, in which he had placed the greece eggs. "They're hatching, they're hatching!" he shrieked wildly. Several large crabs fell out upon the ground and scuttled away through the crabs. tled away through the grass. "There is more there yet!" cried the old man. "Reach up my back and pull them out, please." "I'll do it," said a voice, and out of the bushes stepped a large bear, who differed from other bears in that his hair was of a deep blue, with large yellow polka dots scattered over it. He had an amiable air and wore roller skates. He slid swiftly to the old man, reached up under his coat, but instead of bringing forth more crabs he extracted two little purple monkeys, which he examined very gravely.

#### HOW A COMET WAS HATCHED

"They are the most disappointing eggs," said the aged guide; "one never can tell what to expect from them. Last week I hatched out a croquet set from a dozen of the prettiest I ever saw, but I do not think I will experiment further."

"What can you eggspect of eggs that grow upon Bildad trees?" asked the bear. "Let us go and gather some whistling berries and pelt the pelicans with them," he added. "Nobody asked you to join our party," said the aged one, with a

frown. "We are going to sail boats up the sand hills, and we are too exclusive to associate with you."

"You are very proud because you've got a boy to play with!" retorted the polka-dotted bear. "But if I wished I could tell a secret."

"What is it?" inquired the old man excitedly. "I know where the Manayunk has hidden your left whisker," said

the bear. "Where, oh, where has he hidden it?"

"Step over here and I'll tell you."

The old man went a few steps away, and the bear said: "Where would he hide it?"

"I dunno," replied the guide.

"In his hide!" roared the bear, and skated swiftly away, while the old man fell down and wept so hard that a large puddle formed around his feet. Sammy was so upset that he walked away. A few steps farther he came upon a queer-looking thing rolled up beneath a tree, that moved many legs and several tails, but he could not see at which end its head was placed. It began to run around swiftly until he became quite dizzy watching its gyrations. "What on earth is that?" asked Sammy when the guide joined him.

"That's the Manayunk, and he's very lively to-day, because we had frosting on our cake last night. Frost always excites him like that." "Is he dangerous?"

"He would be if he could find his head," replied the aged guide; "but takes him so long to do that that everything escapes "Where is his head?" asked Sammy.

"Somewhere in the middle there. It's fastened on with strings, and they get all tangled up so that he can't locate the right ones. Sometimes it rolls clear away, and he makes an awful mess of it. He just has to sit there for hours and puzzle it out." "That's dreadful," said Sammy.

### FIRE-DOGS IN A CHASE

"Oh, don't waste any sympathy on him. He doesn't dezerve it. Come along." A little farther they heard a loud barking, and the guide remarked: "Those are the fire-dogs chasing something again. See, there they go. And they are running after the Welsh rabbits, although that's forbidden." Sammy saw them quite plainly, ten pair of "fire-dogs," such as are placed in open fireplaces to hold up logs, all hurrying wildly with angry barks after one poor little yellow Welsh rabbit. The poor creature seemed certain to fall into those open jaws, when at the very last moment it saw a hole in the ground and popped in. A mock-turtle dove up in a whiffle-tree, burst into a cooing song of relief, and a lot of brilliant blue and green parrots all began to cry: "Polly wants a cracker!" at the same time, filling the air with noise. The old man reached into his coat pocket and produced a handful of firecrackers, which he tossed to the parrots, and they flew away delighted.

"I don't want them here, for they destroy the alphabets," he said. "What's that?" asked Sammy, thinking his ears had deceived him.

"They ruin our alphabets. See those trees yonder? Well, we grow all our alphabets on them. Sammy looked carefully, and saw that the trees were filled with all

sorts of letters, hanging like so many cherries to the branches. The ground also was covered with those that had fallen, over-ripe and decayed. "This really is Woozyland for certain!" said he. There was a very pretty hammock swinging between the trees, and he sank into it feeling of dizziness. What is wrong?" asked his guide. "My head is going around!" said Sammy. "I'm twisted."

ust then the hammock began to crawl up into the tree with him, and in his terror his first thought was of the fairy.
"Nancy Hanks! Oh, Nancy!" he cried loudly. Instantly he was in old pasture again with the cows.

Well," said Nancy, as she appeared smiling beside him. "Got enough of a place where they have no rules and regulations?"

"Indeed, yes:" cried Sammy. "I wish I had wished right at first and asked you to make me a grown man. 'I'll do It now. but that's the last wish I can give this

"All right, make me a man!" said Sammy, and the next minute he was a great big man with a beard and mowing hay with all his might.

Now he works from morning until night, and then sits up figuring how he can manage to lift the mortgage, buy clothes for the children, pay the hired man and the taxes, cure the pain in his liver, make the hair grow on top of his head and meet a note of \$200 with only sixty in the bank, and the time goes so fast that he can never manage to get a moment to rest. enever he thinks of how he used to lie in the shady grass and dream, while the cows grazed, he almost has a fit, and the old fairy won't be able to meet him and give him another wish until the next full moon

But Sammy knows what he will ask her to do the next time He will only ask her to make him just a plain boy again, for he now knows that is the very best thing in the worldunless, perhaps, it may possibly be better to be a girl.

WALT McDOUGALL



"I AM THE FAIRY NANCY HANKS"



KING SAMMY AT BREAKFAST